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R92

~~1917~~

A HISTORICAL COMMEMORATIVE SOUV.

ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

VERSES — 100 — VERSES



E 757  
.R92  
Copy 1

A HISTORICAL COMMEMORATIVE SOUVENIR

# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

VERSES — 100 — VERSES



# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

1

As a most considerate nation  
We consider our ex-Presidents  
With annual commemoration  
Let's not forget Roosevelt.

2

Ex-Washington and ex-Lincoln  
We commemorate with health  
With annual commemoration  
Let's not forget Roosevelt.

3

Ex-Roosevelt—the late Colonel  
Has la-i-d aside his trowel  
Departed — spoken “farewell”  
God rest his blessed soul.

4

His deeds — aims and mission  
Endeavor—toil and strife  
Made him a human exhibition  
An intuition all thru life.

5

Accept our favored blessing  
For all good labor done,  
With praises never ceasing,  
We are sorry you are gone.

6

As moral—human creature,  
Your mighty vital part  
You played as human teacher  
For humans from the start.

7

Roosevelt! — Rose — “gemis Rosa,”  
Velt, or Veldt! — South Africa,  
The name a glorious glora  
As glorious — A-M-E-R-I-C-A.

8

Roses, roses, buds and blossom  
Roses, roses, fade and die  
Yet — a rose upon the bosom  
What a rapture to the eye.

9

In a dark and silent grotto  
Now the Colonel is at rest  
You remember Roosevelt's motto,  
Man — of everything the best.

10

In him the nation lost a man  
A statesman and a sportsman  
A most picturesque character  
A most aggressive fighter.

11

A citizen—prudent citizenship  
Free born—well recommended  
Astute, sagacious statesmanship  
With eminent learning mended.

12

Nature lover — outdoor sport  
Loved travel and adventure  
And games and sport — any sort  
That gentleman 'ld dare enter.

13

Played daring games in Africa  
With lions, buffs' and bears  
And—played in Western America  
Rough-rider — wildest steers.

14

As Teddy known at Oyster Bay  
As Teddy—(Oyster Teddy)  
Teddy, of New York, you say!  
And Teddy from Albany — N. Y.

15

When young — as reg'lar boy  
To play outdoors he wanted  
Birds-nestin' — eggs his joy  
Like Lincoln — always hunted.

16

In the ring as boxer battled  
And a York right boxer were  
Clattering sounds and rattled  
Enjoyed Teddy everywhere.



# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

17

As lightning quick — his feet  
And, oh, his tremendous punch  
And with his talked-of teeth  
Scared often quite a bunch.

18

Traveled vent'some travels  
Through Africa, through Europe  
And — his "Africa Game Trails"  
Tells outdoors develope.

19

The lion, 'phant, —rhinoceros  
The grizzly, big, in t' Rockies  
And t' savage African buff'lo's  
He merely counted dangerous.

20

Rhinoceros — dangerous beasts  
Triculent — stupid — you know!  
Odd footed like the 'phants  
On t' snout an' horn or two.

21

A man who can hit the bottle  
At a distance of few yards  
Is considered — warrantable  
But—shy perhaps rhinoceros.

22

Explored Brazilian Wilderness  
Discovered in America — South  
In the Brazilian wilderness  
The famous—"River of Doubt."

23

Wrote several outdoor novels  
"Lovers Holiday in the Open"  
"Ranch Life - Hunting Trails"  
"Hunting Trips of an American"

24

Wrote "The Wilderness Hunter"  
The famous "The Deer Family"  
Past-times—American Hunter"  
And rough-riders specially.

25

Wrote—as fast as he talked  
And told his stories plain  
Always plainly "litterated."  
A thinker, bright and sane.

26

Roosevelt—tightrope dancer  
In Dakota spent much time  
Rough-rider—western rancher  
As a cowboy held the line.

27

Ranch Life - Hunting Trail  
Were his hobbies West  
With rifle very seldom fail  
As a shooter—one the best.

28

Roosevelt—the courageous  
Roosevelt—the vigorous  
Roosevelt—the impetuous  
And, Roosevelt, the strenuous.

29

Loved t' glove as well t' rifle  
Loved by many - feared by few  
Loved big thing well as trifle  
And loved—the morning dew.

30

Was a leader for fun-makers  
Was a leader for the sport  
Was a leader for law-makers  
The greatest laws on earth.

31

Start quite young in politic  
And from the bottom went  
And in white house chie  
Became a U. S. President.

32

There is a phrase to Napoleon  
To that effect that God  
Fights on t'side of battalion  
And fights the good as bad.

# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

33

Truly—Fate—battled the side  
In Teddy's political career  
But—alas—on the other side  
Was "Hope" the engineer.

34

When Roosevelt entered politic  
Cards were stacked against him  
But, in spite of gamblers' trick,  
Were in the game to win.

35

In wish be with t' govern' class  
Instead of with the governed  
Ted wanted be a political boss  
In political gown he gowned.

36

Obstacles, as in politics will,  
Came forth in Teddy's way  
District not with Murray Hill  
Transferred' from Oyster Bay.

37

But Murray said, for legislator  
Young Roosevelt has a future,  
Can handshake give in t' parlor  
To guests—as well the butler.

38

Ted started his N. Y. campaign  
In a Sixth avenue saloon,  
But wanted license t' champagne  
And in arguments came soon.

39

He argued the saloon-keepers  
Not yet—he said—but soon  
And, with silk hat neighbors,  
Soon left the damn saloon.

40

Yet—Roosevelt—was elected  
A member of the legislature,  
And—did—as was expected  
Introduced his overture.

41

His teeth—became—a tale  
They talked of Teddy's teeth.  
To—license—Champagne—ale  
Would spoil their appetite.

42

But, Ted, in spite of appetite  
With renewed vigor fought  
"He's a fighter to the limit,"  
Said Murray Hill, "red hot."

43

His friends were paying ways  
In no u-n-e-r-t-a-i-n way  
Political gravel, smiling rays  
On top the opposers lay.

44

The state legislature yielded,  
That Roosevelt carried the day,  
And to his name had welded  
A friendship bound to stay.

45

And—then—a fight began  
A political war—you know!  
But—Teddy—a fighting man  
Know well to use the glove.

46

The leaders almost trembling  
Before the man they'd picked  
And together were assembling  
But, just the same, were lied.

47

Roosevelt—as state legislator  
Was a man with great ability  
And was therefore chosen later  
To lead the assembly.

48

And came as leader of assembly  
In touch with Grover Cleveland,  
Who, as governor—had sympathy  
And to Teddy reached his hand.

49

And, in fact, assisted Roosevelt  
Perhaps more than party own,  
And Grov'an' Teddy 'gether went  
To plan a civil service plan.

50

And a message from the governor  
Almost parallel the Federal act  
Was pushed thru the legislature  
As "new" state civil service act.

## INTRODUCTORY INTRODUCTION



### THE AUTHOR—HIS OUTDOOR RECREATION



Despite of roses and such things  
When the railroads are on strike  
It's good to have a pair of wings  
Or have—at least—a bike.

A biker has approached your door  
His hind-tire needs a patch  
A stranger, look! has foreign gore  
And, need, I believe, a match.

Look his feet, his style, his skirt  
"Doc" Roselund—his rosy name,  
He wants to tell about the earth  
And college base ball game.



## A Four-minute Speech by the Author



Ladies and Gentlemen!

When God made the earth—or when Columbus rolled the earth into a ball and put it into men's mind as a sphere, he developed that anything and everything that dropped below the surface—or behind the skyline was of course out of sight. If the earth was as smooth as a ball and a man but three feet tall, the horizon would be only three miles away! "Well," you ask, "what of it? Don't I know that, any school boy would know that much." Well, yes, perhaps so, but perhaps not, perhaps not so. In our daily games and strife in life much is forgotten, though that does not hinder nor make it any less worth thinking. We play our daily games, we catch, we pitch, we beat the ball, we batter up, we batter off, we throw, we bump the ball; we call the ball, we strike, we hit, we double play, we even clout the ball, we circus play, we curve, we curse, and often drop the ball: we error, terror, we fall away, we slide, we home-run, high ball, heavy ball, we play inside base ball, we kick, we knock the cover off, and knock it out of the box: we mask, we leftfield, line drive, lob the ball, we mit, we muff, we mussy ball, we are lifted from the game; we nip, we cut, we outer garden, we pinch, we pass the ball, we over the fence, we over the plate, we are raised to so and so, we right field, rubber, roll and scratch, we sacrifice the fly, we sack, we shoot, we score we smoke, we schedule, we single, double, skid and slide, we slow, we slash the ball; we squeeze, we trap, we substitute, we swing, we swat the ball, we tore around, we time, we thicket, we triple play, we twirl; we umpire, impire, wobble, walk, we wing, we whang the ball, we whip, we wiff, we whitewash,

wallop, take a lead, tackle, whip, we wingy ball, and all—we do, without to know, or give it a thought, nor realize, that in the end we drop below, we drop behind the skyline, we drop, come out of sight, and worse than that, become stuffing in our own ball, which is, of course, beyond our present experience.

There are people who think that because the rain is falling that the whole earth is getting wet, and, yet, there are others who think the whole world will go dry, and, also others who think that because they cannot see a rift in the clouds that it will never clear; they do not realize that increased altitude and good books add to the scope of their vision—that it is worth while to listen to others who have been there, who have spent years and fears, money and tears, spent a fortune to enjoy the play. As in flowers of the common nusturtium the low sun of the early morning developed the yellow coloring matter, the midday sun stimulated the violets, blues and purples, so the explorer, the investigator, who covers the patches, sees many rainbows, while him who travels around the chicken coop only sees the blues and, perhaps, a bit of yellow, drawing his pay. True is—some people see more through the keyhole than others through the open door, but to best advantage is, to see the show completely, or, better yet, one thing at the time.

Like Columbus and other great explorers, I have on the ball covered 13 certain patches, which my famous "The Traveling Yankee" details. Like Columbus I have ploughed the waves in many large waters, and have, too, lined a map of my directions, north, south, east and west. I have ploughed the waves in the largest oceans, the Arctic, the Atlantic and the Pacific and, in lesser waters, the North sea, the Baltic sea, the Salt sea, and the Marmora sea, even. Furthermore, the



# ROSELUND THE RHYMER

Black sea, the Red sea, the White sea, and the Blue sea, "the Mediterranean," the sea of the Greeks, the "mare nostrum" of the Hebrews, the "par excellence" of the Romans. Have been bent to the sailor's life, you know how sailors are, to the explorers, the composers, the inventors, my latest invention being "The Speaker's Aid," the most helpful thing you ever heard of—if not the most necessary thing in the world to be in possession of in order to become a trained speaker without overexerting the mind.

And, like Columbus and other judicious investigators, I have become an author, and thus authored four "specials" for the amusement of light-hearted, spirited readers, of which I am myself the writer, the distributor, and the publisher, and why I take the pleasure to, by these means, introduce myself. The books—the titles of which alone speak and warrant their "ad valorem," their appreciation—"The Stuff of Masonry," 342 pages, \$2.00; "The Traveling Yankee," \$1.00; "The Ninety-Ninth Degree," \$1.35, and "Under the Rose," \$1.35, thought to be the finest story in the United States of America. "Why, you may ask, "why your own publisher?" Why, yes, my friend, to make it easier for you to secure my books.

Since the war made us so dreadfully economical, we cannot afford much luxury, yet we must have some amusement, and thus I have striven to keep my books before the public at possibly lowest price. One bird is better in the hand sometimes than are ten in the woods, yet, it is quantity, the method of "turn-over" that does it.

But, to have a publisher, means feeding the miller's pigs, means buying diamonds for keeper's wife, means commission, and which the readers are best entitled to. My method is, simply mail your valued order with enclosure to my office, and it will be attended to at once, the book, or the books, forwarded by return mail to your door like a worthy Christmas present and make you overjoyed, and, sure enough, contended. My deliverers are, of course, the "house-to-house" fashion, but, arrayed in U. S. competence that you might know they are competent, reliable and dependable. As to my own self, would state, that, I am in own person straight as a spike and true as my bike, and besides "a 32nd degree Mason," should you rely on brotherliness. My references are the best and foremost banks of Chicago, along with the leading papers of Chicago. Pinched for space cannot produce but the more brief of my many pronouncements, of which a glimpse may be had at another space of this my venerable and imposing preface accompanying the historical commemorativeness in rhyme of our late Colonel and most eminent and distinguished statesman and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt.

Respectfully yours,

The Author.

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## FROM THE BOOK REVIEWERS' PAGE

"Doc" Roselund, the inventor and "THE NINETY-NINTH DEGREE," ary world. He has two more new entitled "THE STUFF OF MASON KEY." He has established an office and reports a big sale of his books. thoroughly competent penmanship the freshness of honest labor, bid at things in the open—healthier air, work from all sections of the coun have another book off the presses. THE CHICAGO EVENING POST about the new products of the hope



explorer, and author of the famous continues to win fame in the liter-books out from the presses now—"RY" and "THE TRAVELING YAN- in the Masonic Temple Building. His books are handsome volumes of and throbbing with life, and have ding his readers to once more look He has received letters praising his try, and announces that he will soon The literary book reviewer of recently had the following to say fu) and laborous author.

BOOKS RECEIVED. MASONRY AND TRAVEL. "THE STUFF OF MASONRY" by "Doc" Roselund. (Chicago: N. A. Roselund.) "THE TRAVELING YANKEE" by "Doc" Roselund. Freemasonry and travel seem to be the author's two hobbies which he wishes to share with as many friends as possible. He writes eloquently, in a rather eccentric style all of his own, of the ethical side of Masonry, and gives a brief history of its growth and a description of its past habitation. In the second volume the author deals with what he describes on the title page as "travels, rambles and wanders of 13 different lands, Egypt and the Holy Land."

# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

51

Roosevelt—1884—as chairman  
Of the N. Y. state delegation  
At Chicago Republican convention  
Opposed the nomination of Blaine.

52

Then, in Ted's political career  
Came a rather turning point,  
Was called a "party reformer,"  
And told to go west for hunt.

53

But Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts  
Told Roosevelt what to do,  
To push—he told—the wisests  
The nomination—through.

54

And, when the 'paign was over  
To Dakota Roosevelt went  
To plan—to think it over  
How—become—a president.

55

Later, back in New York City,  
Chosen candidate for mayor  
In New York Teddy popular  
Because—his great ability.

56

Later—member—White House,  
Of the Nat. Civ. Serv. Commission  
Under Cleveland and Harrison,  
Spent six years in Washington

57

In touch with higher public men  
Encircled all the nation.  
And was even thought of then  
As a man to rule the nation.

58

Was later appointed president  
Of the New York police board,  
And, yet, higher—later went  
To the honor—governor.

59

When chosen police commissioner  
His friends thought job too small,  
But job, New York Commissioner,  
Not small—a job—in all.

60

The department needed cleaning,  
The police force—under cloud,  
The Tammany's were ruling  
Department graft and fraud.

61

So Teddy had a job, sure enough  
To clean New York atmosphere  
And, Teddy, not a man to bluff  
Would neither use a bluffer.

62

The metropolitan police system  
Was rotten through and through,  
T'Tammany's but using scheme  
But wanted grafters "dough."

63

Instead—protection—menace  
On every post—some shark  
By paying t' boss 'misfeasance'  
Not even a dog would bark.

64

Promotion—by favor—money  
For money salvation buy  
Money, sweet as honey!  
In the hands of the Tammany.

65

Saloonkeepers step'd on t' laws  
To h—ll with t' law said t' boss.  
And—if—not paying t' boss  
Was forced to "come across."

66

Gambling—disorderly houses  
Were open all night for the sins,  
Vice flaunted itself in the faces  
Of law-abiding—good citizens.

67

Teddy, firing t' graft detective  
Told him to go play baseball,  
Who said: "Be not so impressive  
You are but a human after all."

68

But in spite Teddy kept firing,  
Removing the grafters off post,  
And, no grafters were hiring,  
But, men—straight on the post.

# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

69

Roosevelt—detective himself—  
Privately guarded patrol,  
From post to post, after twelve,  
Taking his moonshine stroll.

70

No loafers or sharks on patrol  
No grafter or blackmailing cop,  
But honest and square as a roll  
To rule—as “Roosevelt-cop.”

71

Roosevelt—born a policeman  
Enforced—new police laws  
And made a brand new regulation  
That, too, weaken’d t’Tammany’s.

72

And in spite of strenuous battles,  
As a N. Y. police commissioner  
His heart never lost kindness  
Nor he was to the public unfair.

73

Being fair and great by nature,  
In everything he was fair,  
America always his future  
In every office and care.

74

Roosevelt—born a politiker  
Used—also—political plan  
Judicious—wise—a critiker  
And mighty good (“publican”).

75

Discernment, wisdom, discretion  
In office as well as campaign  
In Chicago or if in New York  
Or in Washington—at work.

76

High and low—good as Bryan  
Were using—needle—fine  
In speeches—talk—or utter  
For—always—American future.

77

Fortune perhaps could’nt tell  
But—know—palmistry well  
You remember how he told it  
War—war—and U. S. in it.

78

Man of war and man of peace  
Told things, of course, to please  
But, as a truth of sages past,  
The war—did come—at last.

79

Ted—not future told by cards  
Nor by the flight of birds  
Nor either by t’coffee grounds  
Nor by the lines of hands.

80

Teddy, told future and stories  
By his own prophetic spirit,  
And told—“America” glorious  
If it once in war went to it.

81

War in Europe, war in France,  
His prophecy, brightest chance  
And—just—as he had told it  
The war came, and U. S.—in it.

82

And—when—America—ready  
Who ready first—but Teddy  
He was there with—advice  
And—willingly—of service.

83

Teddy—Teddy—he was there  
For—he—no German were  
There—with Yankee garrison  
Himself—and four brave sons.

84

Asking was, the war department  
For permission to raise troops,  
Wrote it freely on t’ parchment  
To not laugh at Kaiser’s jokes.

# ROOSEVELT IN RHYME

85

Know well enough t'wily Kaiser  
Since 1902—in Venezuecian  
Where—he—made Kaiser wiser  
By “Yankee”—wiser—plan.

86

Had served U. S. at Santiago  
As U. S. commander—there  
Had commanded U. S. brigade  
Had commanded volunteer.

87

Whereas, he said, that Germany  
Are now—in war—with us  
I—in behalf of my country  
Want to be of military use.

88

Do not wish that position  
To tell countrymen “go to war”  
But wish to be in position  
To tell ‘em—“Come to war!”

89

My aims—my purposes—are  
Raise troops by early chance  
To giv’em six weeks’ trainin’ here  
And then—forward to France.

90

Not any kind of favor—fine  
He asked the war department  
But that—put troops in line  
At earliest possible moment.

91

All who served had him before  
Wanted, with him, go to France  
Wanted go to foreign shore  
For U. S. there take chance.

92

Artists, authors, engineers,  
Cowboys—clerks, and lawyers  
College students, baseball players,  
All—be Roosevelt volunteers.

93

Even Mr. Battling Nelson  
Pleaded—go—to Mr. Wilson  
And McCoy—another fighter  
Wanted badly land a blighter.

94

And—after all—an answer came  
From Washington—at hand  
But reg’lar officers the same  
Could U. S. troops—command

95

Thus—after all—the Colonel  
Could not take troops to France,  
So mote it be! he said, as well  
But give my sons the chance.

96

So—the Roosevelts four son’s  
Were sent to war—to France  
To fight the Kaiser’s six sons  
To make ‘em ride in ambulance.

97

The Roosevelts were Americans  
The Kaiser’s were but—Huns  
The Americans had better plans  
Than Huns to handle guns.

98

The Roosevelts went—free will  
As sons—of American prizer  
Who captured once San Juan Hill  
And—near enough—the Kaiser.

99

In t’ war our brave American boys  
Said—“raus mit German toys”  
And put t’ Germans on t’ route  
The Kaiser and his goat.

100

And when Kaiser flew to Holland  
Then Roosevelt raised his hand,  
Said, America, Queen of Freedom,  
I’m pleased, farewell! Went home.

## FREEDOM - LIBERTY - JUSTICE - PEACE

THE END



Born  
in  
New York  
N. Y.  
October 27  
1858



Died  
at  
Oyster Bay  
N. J.  
January 6  
1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

## My Country 'tis of thee



*Roosevelt—we loved you*

*Roosevelt—you were true,*

*The—RED WHITE and BLUE;*

*Roosevelt—we know you were right*

*Roosevelt—we know you were bright*

*Roosevelt—we know your best sight*

*was, the Red, White and Blue*

*N. A. R.*

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